The World.

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A LOOK AHEAD.

THE RUINS of the Equitable Building are cleared away. In the crowded canyon of lower Broadway the site now lies open like a vale of air and sunshine in a line of beetling cliff. The effect is extraordinary. Everybody should take a look. It seems a pity the space must be rebuilt—that a Carnegie cannot buy the ground and leave it free. The surrounding architectural giants look more impressive than before. The break improves the east side of lower Broadway as Trinity churchyard beautifies the west.

When Borough President McAneny proposed recently to limit the height of buildings in Fifth avenue he pointed out that while several semi-isolated skyscrapers may each enjoy advantages of light, air and even architectural dignity, in solid masses they destroy each other's values and reduce the streets between to deep, dark ditches.

It will be a long time before lower Broadway begins to worry about aesthetics. Business is pressing and a place to transact it is the first care. Before the Equitable site begins to disappear under some new fifty-story load of steel and marble, however, every one should note the rare effect of the break in the famous Broadway canyon. Perhaps there is an idea in it. The ideal business district of the future may be a checker-board of towering, monumental sky-scrapers with broad squares of green grass and flowers between.

If somebody doesn't find a way pretty soon to let Oscar Hammerstein build an opera house or give an opera, something is going to bust.

THE FATHER OF GOOD ROADS.

SEVENTY-SIX YEARS ago to-day died a man whose peculiar fate it was to leave a name which has mingled with the dust and been trodden under foot in unique fashion—to its owner's honor and renown. Yet while every one talks of "macadam" and "macadamized" roads, not one person in a thousand has ever heard the full name of John Loudon Macadam, Scotchman, born in 1756, the greatest road reformer of modern times.

He came of a good Ayrshire family in moderate circumstances, and when fourteen years old was sent to the office of an uncle who was a merchant in New York. Young Macadam remained here for a number of years and during the Revolution did a thriving business as an agent for the sale of prizes. The outcome of the war left him nearly penniless. He returned to Great Britain, where for many years he held various small but honorable county offices. As a trustee of roads in Ayrshire he turned over in his mind various schemes for bettering the road system of the United Kingdom, and afterward, when he was appointed surveyor of Bristol roads, he carried out many of his plans at his own expense.

The main feature of his road-making process was to form a bed of fragments of hard stone, none of which should be too large to pass through an iron ring two and a half inches in diameter. This stone stratum was to be from six to twelve inches thick, covered with a finer surface material, and left to be worn into compactness and smoothness by the action of the wheels and hoofs that passed over it.

Macadam was sixty when he got his scheme fairly started, but he pushed it with such energy that before he died the whole country had adopted his system. Parliament voted him a grant of two thousand pounds ($10,000) and reimbursed him for some five thousand more which he had spent out of his own pocket in experiments. He refused a knighthood. He died Nov. 26, 1836, in his eighty-first year.

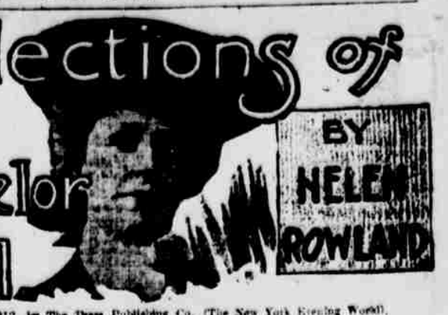
Stone crushers and steam rollers have supplanted his more primitive methods. Yet the nineteenth century and the present as well owe to Macadam those solid principles of country road building which hardly more than a hundred years ago began to offer relief from the incredible joltings and bemirings that made travel by road a horror in "the good old days."

Battered fellow prisoners will testify that a "Lefty Louie" remains much the same—out of jail or in.

Such Is Life!

By Maurice Ketten

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl



BY HELEN ROWLAND

IT is easy enough to be pleasant,
When your bank deposit is fat;
But the woman worth while
Is the one who can smile
'Neath a last year's made-over hat!

A foolish woman tries to be fascinating to all men; but a wise woman concentrates on fascinating one, knowing that the rest will follow suit out of sheer curiosity.

A man can sometimes vaguely understand a woman's reason for being provoked with him, but he never can understand her reasons for forgiving him.

S-sh, Dearie! That's because a woman usually gets angry with him for some definite cause, but always forgives him for the sake of his income, or the color of his hair, or some other reason entirely disconnected with the affair.

Men are like taxicabs: when you really want and need one badly there is never one anywhere around; but, when you no longer have the slightest necessity for them, they appear to swarm about you at every turn.

Why is it that when a man begins to study a foreign language, the first thing he wants to learn how to say is, "What'll you have?"

Love is not a flower, but a weed, that can't be cultivated, and always thrives best when it is let alone, and where it is least wanted.

Why is it that, when a lady accidentally sits down in a gentleman's lap in a street car, she always acts as though she expected him to apologize?

Are Your Children Doing Well at School?

By William Dean Pulvermacher

4—*LESSON LEARNING.*

A SERIOUS question that confronts every parent is the question of "hearing" his boy's or his girl's home lessons. Many thousands of parents will answer that they are too tired, too utterly exhausted, after a day's toil, to sit down and laboriously drum lessons into the heads of their children. For what are teachers being paid? That is the duty of the man or woman pedagog, who has nothing else to do all day.

This is a very serious mistake that may be the child's undoing. The youngster will very soon ascertain where you stand upon this question. He will then neglect the studies that he should do at home; knowing full well that, even though the teacher appeals to his father or mother, the parents will not assume responsibility, but will shift that responsibility back upon the teacher.

Is that where it belongs? The classes in New York City schools average from thirty to fifty pupils. Approximately forty minutes is given to each period for this or that subject—minor subjects only twenty. It is most evident that individual attention to each child to the necessary extent is almost impossible. Mind you, it is attempted; but full justice cannot always be done to each child.

Therefore, it behooves you to give some time each evening to the child's lessons.

"But I am so tired when I get home after a day's hard work behind the counter or in the ditch!" Even so, if the work is taken up rightly, looked upon as a pleasure; if you note with delight the child's steady progress, if you attempt to make the work interesting to both yourself and the pupil, it will no longer be work but a source of recreation, a delight to both yourself and the child. Just how to do that will be taken up in succeeding articles dealing with the hearing of this lesson or that.

If you do not pay attention to the lad's home work and see that he does it the boy will soon have acquired the habit of letting go by that which it is his duty to do; he will not feel qualms of conscience because he has not done his duty. That is the saddest part of it all.

The fact that the boy when in school the next day does not know this or that particular lesson is not the serious matter. No doubt, when grown to man's estate, he may never need to be able to recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade" or need to know the "Fourth Case in Percentage." What is serious is that he is fast becoming a lad who later cannot be depended upon to work conscientiously, a lad who is lazy, a lad who lacks the ability to concentrate his mind, due to the fact that he has never been compelled to do so.

"Granted," answers the parent, "that it is my duty, even when tired out, to hear my boy's lessons in the evening. But how am I going to do so inasmuch as he is further advanced in some of his studies than I ever was, takes up some studies of which I never heard and takes up others in an entirely different way. Can I effectively hear his lessons under these circumstances?"

Yes. This represents the position and quandary of hundreds of thousands of parents. Again, "Yes," and succeeding articles will tell how.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

AT the word "Maggie!" a tall woman with a good-natured face appeared in the doorway of the back room of the Elite Domestic Supply Bureau.

"Miss Legrand," added the manageress of the bureau, whose cry of "Maggie!" had raised this apparition, "here is some parties lookin' for select help."

The tall woman with the good-natured face crossed the room and seated herself in a rocking chair, hitched it so the light would fall over her shoulder and onto Mrs. Jarr and Mrs. Rangle, and regarded them with rare good humor, as though she saw the joke and wondered why they didn't.

"It's this party, I believe, Maggie," said the manageress, indicating Mrs. Jarr. "Miss Legrand is an open air sleeper, and never goes anywhere with her open air outfit for less'n $80," she added.

"I lived in a soddy in the early days in Kansas and goes dotty in my lungs," explained Miss Legrand. "We was 'sooners' in the Cherokee Strip in 1889, and we was with the first rush on the Saskatchewan. I got in the habit of sleepin' in the open air. And sleep there I must!"

"That could be arranged," said Mrs. Jarr, affably, for she liked the good-natured manner of the Western woman. "May I ask your other likes and dislikes?"

"I won't work nowhere where there is 'lectricity. I fairly abhors the fatal fluid!"

And suddenly, without any warning, the good natured countenance clouded and then was flooded with tears. It was an outburst and a cloudburst. The lady from the Northwest rocked back and forth, while the tears gushed into her handkerchief.

"It was in Calagary when I married George Legrand, as fine a man as ever walked in shoe leather," she sobbed. "He was chief 'lectrician at the Calagary power plant, and in our honeymoon he tuck a dare at the peak of the load, touched the poles of a transformer—and the juice got pore George!"

Mrs. Rangle took hold of Mrs. Jarr's new black and white striped Jacket and gave it a tug.

"She's a weeper!" she whispered. "She'll never do a thing but rock and cry all day while you do the work and she tells you her troubles—I know the kind!"

Mrs. Jarr Finds What a Ranch Steak Is, but Can't Get Any One to Cook It

But suddenly the lady from the Northwest straightened up and remarked:

"If you irrigate with tears you raise nothin' but a crop of sorrers!"

"How poetical!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "It was written by a poetical person," sniffed the widow, "Belinda Buckthorn, the Poetess of the Prairies."

The weeping widow being calmer now Mrs. Jarr took up the litany of housework. "Can you cook?" she asked.

"Can I cook?" repeated the widow from the wild Northwest. "Gimme a quarter of beef from an eight-year-old steer, even if range fed, and I'll cook you a steak, ranch style, as good as you ever broke a tooth on."

"Ranch style? How is that?" asked Mrs. Jarr, resolved to get a new recipe if she didn't get a new servant to take the place of Gertrude.

"You cut your steak thin," said the widow, forgetting her grief in the interest of imparting a favorite cooking direction; "you cut it thin, and roll it in flour and cook it slow in hot grease till it browns nice, clear through. But don't let 'em run in any three-year beef on you, 'less you want the trouble of beating it. Git the boys to butcher a eight-year steer, six-year at the least."

"Why, I should think the younger the cattle are the tenderer the beef will be," said Mrs. Jarr.

"That's all you Eastern folks know!" was the reply. "Up until the time a steer is four years old he goes pirooting over the range a buttin' an' a hornin' and a fightin' the other young steers till he ain't nothin' but muscle and sinew. After he's over four he gits more sense and settles down and don't do nothin' but eat and eat, by which he softens and fattens. So that's why I say 'See it's a six-year-old steer at least, if you want your ranch-style steaks to be tender!'"

"Well, would you like to try the place?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"My?" asked the Western widow. "Oh! I just come East to git a wedding outfit. I'm to marry again. Cal Gilker. He was boss wrangler on the Bent Arrow Outfit, five years; and he's bought in. You know what a boss wrangler is? Has charge of the remuda—the string of extra ponies for the cowboys' roundin' up? Some calls it a cavvy. But a cavvy is really a pack train, y'know."

"Oh! yes, of course," said Mrs. Jarr. "Will you see any of the other ladies?" asked the manageress of the bureau.

"No, thank you," said Mrs. Jarr. "Not to-day."

LOCATING IT.

Ancient Mariner (at the first football game)—Where's the tackle we hear so much about?

Smart Landlubber—Don't you see the lines all over the ground?—Judge.

The Man on the Road

By H. T. Battin.

OFF THE WATER WAGON.

"ONE time I fell off the water wagon," said the Feather salesman, "with our resident man in Philadelphia. He was always quite a drinker, and this time I tried to keep up with him. When I say 'fell off,' I mean in proper style. The resident man owed some money around the city. And when his monthly check came, instead of squaring up with his creditors, he 'blew' some of the money.

"When he came to he was nearly broke, with another month's wait before more money would come his way. So he concluded to make a good job of it.

"Just about that time I happened along. And when he began to tell me of his troubles I recalled some of my own. When I came around I found myself in an emigrant train with a yellow label on my lapel. We were just drawing into Buffalo.

"The weather was bitter cold and we had no overcoats. By parting with our vests we raised the price of a scant breakfast. Buffalo is no sort of town to go broke in. We hustled around for a job, without realizing that we were doing anything but the wisest thing. When night came we decided to go into the Iroquois Hotel and strike the proprietor for a job.

"The proprietor was kindhearted and gave us employment as checkers. When waiters came out of the kitchen they would have to pay for the dishes on the tray. Sometimes they would put a steak under their vests and would 'knock down,' as they called it, the price of the steak. It was our job to prevent this form of trickery. One time I found a cut of roast beef on a waiter's hand under the tray. After three days of this kind of work I came out of my trance and wired home for money.

"I bought my friend a ticket, but he was not through and sold it and disappeared. The firm advertised for three months for him, but not a trace of him could be found. Finally our Denver man found him sitting in the waiting-room of a hotel of that city, calmly smoking a cigar.

"What happened to him?" asked the button salesman.

"He reformed and now he is manager of the concern."

Letters From the People

What Does Small Head Imply?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will some physiognomist advise me? At a party one night remarks were made about the size of my head, it being remarkably small. Hearing remarks that were not pleasing, I would ask physiognomists what a small head denotes. This may interest many.

M. H.

Name Universally Observed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there a legal national holiday?

H. D.

Byron, in "Childe Harold."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Who is the author, please, of the lines beginning somewhat like this: "Roll On, Thou Dark Blue Ocean, Roll?"

A. C. R.

The Radiator's Heat.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to J. A.'s query as to whether radiators give more heat or not when the pressure of the boiler is raised from two to fifteen pounds, I would say from experience that, as pressure in a boiler increases, the water is harder to boil and consequently needs more heat to make steam; which is later thrown out again by the radiators.

L. H. S.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Does an American-born child need his citizen papers in order to vote, if his father is not a citizen?

L. B.

Saloons vs. Delicatessen Shops.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why is it that some of the police of the city are so quick in closing the delicatessen stores at certain hours on Sunday and not the saloons, readers? I think they would do more good if they would close the saloons. For then one would not see so many drunks on a Sunday. I don't think it fair that saloon keepers should be allowed to sell drinks when one can't get anything to eat.

M. A.

Nervy Nat

By James Montgomery Flagg

1. Nervy Nat—At last I shall realize one of my pet ambitions. I have certainly had many walking parts in my time, not to mention my long experience on the road. I was cut out for an actor because I can go so long without eating.

2. Nervy Nat—This must be the leading lady's dressing-room. I couldn't find any of the he-actors' clothes, so I will just take a female role. I'm not fussy; I'll take any part that is left over.

3. The Hero—If Claribel would only come back to me I would forgive her all for the sake of our chee-ild!
Nervy Nat—That's my cue. Isn't he a lovely piece of work? Any wife that could resist those soulful eyes is no lady. I will come back to him.

4. Nervy Nat—Lionel, I have come back at you. Take your erring Claribel to your pleated bosom for the sake of our little Ann! (By the way, how old is Ann now?) I have done you dirt, I know, but "forget it" and I'll promise not to run away with another insurance man——
The Hero—Curtain! Curtain! CURTAIN!

5. Nervy Nat—Ouch! That is no way to treat your Claribel! You're no gentleman!

6. Nervy Nat—Whew! Don't ever tell me that the dramatic profession is a hotbed of jealousy. Why, every member of this company has given me a beat!